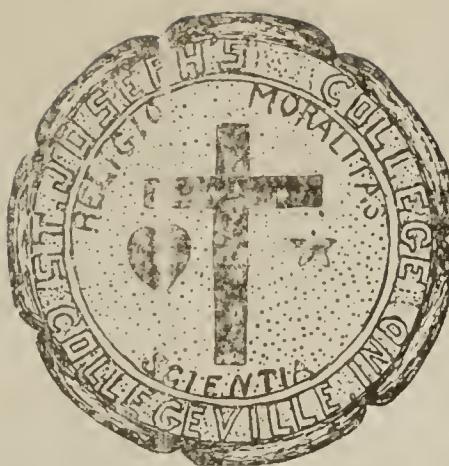


The Cheer



ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1924

No. 8

COLLEGIANS DISPLAY WINNING FORM AGAINST CADET 28 to 18

Saturday afternoon the Purple and Red basketeers succeeded in winning a brilliant victory over the Culver Cadets on the latter's floor. The final count was 28-18. The game was characterized by close guarding throughout as the score shows. The Cadets, every bit the equal of the Saints in height and weight, were no match for the Collegians in speed.

Culver started the scoring and held the edge for about ten minutes, then the St. Joe sharpshooters started to find the range and the score mounted in their favor. Klen replaced McGuire after the first few minutes of play and showed some real flashes of speed besides accounting for two baskets in the first half. The score at the end of the first period: Culver, 8; St. Joe, 14.

In the second half Culver scored ten points to the Collegians fourteen. Lauer and Hipskind made it almost impossible for the future generals to get a short shot. Jordan in his best game of the season thus far, was master of the local's floor work; he likewise made four goals from the free throw line out of five attempts. Hoffman and Klen did the major part of the scoring and they were in the play every minute of the time.

For the Cadets Weldy and Harris were the outstanding stars. The game was exciting and exceedingly well played and both teams started out to win and neither gave up the attempt until the final whistle blew. The foul shooting of Jordan was especially pleasing to St. Joe fans as was the shooting of Jim Lauer who appears to have regained his eye for the basket. It looks like a Purple and Red 1924.

St. Joseph's Culver
Jordan R.F. Reid
McGuire-Klen L.F. O'Brien-Wilson
Hoffman C. Reiner-Weldy
Lauer R.G. Hanal
Hipskind L.G. Harris
Scoring: St. Joe—Field Goals, Hoffman 5, Klen 3, Lauer 2, Jordan 2. Foul Goals, Jordan 4. Culver—Field Goals, Reid, O'Brien 2. Weldy 3. Harris 2. Foul Goals, Weldy, Hanal.
Referee: Kenyon.

THE SCHEDULE TO DATE

The following schedule has been submitted as we go to press. It contains seven games but there will undoubtedly be additional teams booked in a short time.

Jan. 18—St. Joe vs. Wiedner Institute. There.
Jan. 23—St. Joe vs. Valparaiso U. There. (Pending).
Jan. 25—St. Joe vs. U. of Dayton. Here. (Pending).
Feb. 9—St. Joe vs. Loyola U. There.
Feb. 16—St. Joe vs. Wiedner Institute. Here.
March 1—St. Joe vs. Loyola U. Here.

KOTTER NAMED B. B. MANAGER

At a meeting of the Athletic Board Friday, January 11, Edward Kotter of Cincinnati, Ohio, was chosen manager of the 1924 baseball team. Kotter has always been an ardent fan and this together with the fact that he is a fine worker augur well for an excellent baseball schedule. The Cheer wishes the new manager success.

A MESSAGE TO THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

Father Sylvester has left us. But he could not depart without wording a kind message to his students of the Fifth and the Sixth Classes. That this thoughtful message may reach all for whom intended the "Cheer" assumes the privilege of publishing it.

To the members of these Classes Father Sylvester extends sincerest wishes for the greatest possible success in studies, continued health and true happiness; to the graduates of '24 he adds the further hope that graduation may occasion high honors for all, and that this success may accompany them in all future endeavors.

CHARACTER ARTIST HERE ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 15

Mr. Eugene Knox, a character impersonator, appeared on our stage Jan. 15. His was the second of a series of Redpath entertainments arranged by the faculty, and it was most enjoyable.

Mr. Knox has been on the stage for over eighteen years and is a superb entertainer, a genius of versatility, an unusual artist. He has always pleased his audiences because his characters are true to life. No make-up is used in Mr. Knox's entertainments, yet his characters are easily distinguished because of the remarkably rapid changes of facial expression. In reading, the artist loses himself completely, and to such an extent that it is difficult to see any resemblance in his characters. And his character work is difficult too.

Though the major part of Mr. Knox's selections are humorous, it is not in this phase alone that he excels. He is equally powerful when interpreting strong dramatic numbers. In a word, he feels, and makes you feel with him, each passion, each joy, each emotion that the author has written down.

IMPRESSIONS RECEIVED WHEN ATTENDING A CONCERT

Urban A. Wimmers, '25.

Were you ever conscious of the deep impressions made on your mind when attending a concert? By close observation a person can become more intimate with the higher traits of the human family. This keen study of the aesthetic sense of plain humanity finds no greater and more legitimate material than is found in the concert audience. The concert audience reflects in its myriad of faces some traces of the gamut of emotions that invokes the inspiration of the soloists.

The few moments before the beginning of a concert cause many to grow impatient. These anxious few could well spend the straggling moments to advantage by a study of the audience. Among the many faces, some will appear jovial, others tense. Again there will be those who are about to hear

dividual must be in a fit mental condition enjoyment of the concert, the individual extraction is necessary for the general freedom of the mind from all outside audience in general. As a perfect have a great mental influence on the great art. The first class of people for the first time the mysteries of a nation in order to absorb all that is possible when he listens to music.

In the same audience we notice the sterner type of person who lacks this care-free disposition. They are, perhaps, burdened with slight reverses in business or they fail to allow themselves more abandon in leisure hours. However, these people with their magnetic attention, combined with the first class stabilize the vast audience.

The concert begins. For a moment not a breath is wasted. The audience becomes subservient to the master. A stately silence sweeps the multitude. Then,—the muffled tuning of a violin is followed by a breath of melody that invokes Titania and a thousand other fairies. The master draws his magic wand above the sensitive strings whereupon tones of wondrous depth creep into the thousand souls and pluck the heart-strings of the enchanted listeners. From a dying cadence there leaps a fire of dazzling tones that penetrate the very walls. With a grand sweep of a thousand notes the soloist concludes his number.

Or again, we hear a symphony orchestra. Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyrie" pictures to our mind the wild dashes of the cloud-warriors. Like dancing grains of dust the violins weave a texture that dimly veils the impetuous themes resembling the harnessed fury of the elements. Later on we hear the profound and majestic chords of the "Pilgrims' Chorus" in which the tones of the players melt into the very atmosphere that seemed to be alive with spirit of the great Wagner.

Likewise, we have enjoyed the great choirs from Rome, when the greatest and highest form of sacred music dominated our minds and stirred our hearts to devotions that would otherwise fail our religious sentiments. Perhaps the solemn modes of Palistrina or the glorious inspirations of the later school stir our lukewarm soul, or a celestial "Ave Maria" with its florid harmonies pierces the very fibers of our soul and declaims our fruitless life.

The conclusion of a concert leaves us in an ecstasy of joy. We feel refreshed in mind and body. Our daily succeeding actions are accompanied by distant harmonies that stimulate our dull natures and attract our weary minds to the sublime.

Experience often teaches us how we lost by not learning from books.

All men are born equal, but some prove unequal to the task.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Herewith we are publishing a reprint of a little girl's letter to the editor of the New York Sun and its answer which appeared in that paper on Sept. 21, 1897. It is here set down because of its beauty of thought, which is couched in language so beautiful. Here it is:

"Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no SANTA CLAUS. Papa says 'if you see it in the Sun it's so.' Please tell me the truth; is there a SANTA CLAUS?" VIRGINIA O'HANLON."

VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, VIRGINIA, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, VIRGINIA, there is a SANTA CLAUS. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no SANTA CLAUS. It would be as dreary as if there were no VIRGINIAS. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in SANTA CLAUS! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch SANTA CLAUS, but even if they did not see SANTA CLAUS coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees SANTA CLAUS, but that is no sign that there is no SANTA CLAUS. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strong men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, VIRGINIA, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No SANTA CLAUS! Thank God! he

lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, VIRGINIA, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

EXCHANGES

From St. Mary's, Kansas, comes the DIAL with its cheery Christmas spirit. In particular we enjoyed the breezy editorials and the short stories. The DIAL is most welcome on our exchange list. "A Fable In Ivory" is fine.

The December number of the STAR was heartily welcomed, and we enjoyed CHRISTMAS GIFTS to the limit.

NOTRE DAME NEWS, published at Notre Dame College for Women, in Cleveland, is one of the best numbers on our exchange. The material is well selected and the writing has a literary touch which is enviable. Whether editorial, society, or news, the reading is "ad rem."

C. L. S. PRESENTS CHRISTMAS PROGRAM DECEMBER 20, 1923

When everyone was waiting for the coming of December 21 and Christmas vacation, the C. L. S. shortened the time with a splendid program on the evening of December 20. In every way it was a success.

Overture "Seminole," by the College Band.

Why Higher Education—Oration—Charles Ruess.

"The Sign of The Cross"—Dramatic Reading—John Roach.

"Rummy and Dubb"—Humorous dialogue—S. Schmelzer—A. Lucke.

Selection by Band.

Debate: Resolved, That the United States Government Should Grant Immediate Independence to the Philippines.—Affirmative, Ambrose Schilling; Negative, Isidore Paulus.

Selection by Band.

Afterpiece—A comedy in one part, entitled,

A Little Tiff

Edith Burton, with ideas concerning a woman's ability—Raymond Dirlig.

Nancy, her maid—John McDonough.

Teddy Ronalds, engaged to Edith—Urban Wimmers.

Finnegan, Ronald's farmer—Henry Carmichael.

Gubbins, Ronald's gardener—Anthony Quinlisk.

Dusty Rhodes, a tramp—Joseph Gunderman.

Music Prof.: "Can you tell me if Oatman is in the library?"

McDonough: "Sorry, there's not one in the upper story."

Music Prof.: "Oh, excuse me, I'll ask someone else."

ALUMNI COLUMN

From across the "pond" comes a message, the greetings of Leo Gattes. Graduated last June from St. Joseph's, this young man is now pursuing his studies at Fribourg University, Switzerland. But we hasten to have him tell the rest:

The Albertinum.
Fribourg, Switzerland,
December 19, 1923.

The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Hello Cheer, and all whom you cheer:
"Cheer"! Ye old time "Yellow-sheet," what happy memories you recall. "No circus without peanuts," and no St. Joe without a Cheer. I'll bet you a lump of Swiss cheese my former English pros are proud of that flowery comparison, but honest to Pete—I'll repeat it again—take the Cheer away from St. Joe and a certain trio would not get half the "city edification" they now enjoy. **How do I know it?** (Hello, Ed!) (If the fathers and grandfathers of "our common home" do not know who Ed is, I'll tell 'em. He formerly wrote the "Clipper column" in the Cheer in days of yore.) Good!! Two brackets, and my first paragraph not completed. I'm dead certain I need not tell anyone I am a budding philosopher. This article looks weighty indeed. Of course there are other arguments in favor of the proposition,—"No Cheer, no St. Joe," but I am taking this subject only from the Editor's standpoint. However, "honor to whom honor is due"—Biggest and Best Ever—that's the CHEER of 1923-'24. Good!

What's the difference between St. Joe life and life at the University of Fribourg? Oh, the differences are many, the differences are great. For example: while I am in the land of cheese and sour milk, I can see 260 happy faces buried in Monon railway time tables; and Your Truly is buried in a heap of Philosophy books, and will be until 7 P. M. Xmas eve. That's difference Number 1.

Difference Number 2. While you shall be enjoying a vacation I hope to be benefiting by a Retreat. Notice, I used two different adjectives to express myself and coupled one with hope.

But I am not "kicking." I'm as happy as I "uster was," and infinitely more so. I would not give a fortune for what I have gone through already, and for what I shall go through. "Got it down," haven't I? That's the way they all talk. But this is not saying anything, merely filling up space. Well, a bad habit is hard to break—I uscd to be on the Cheer staff. Shhh!!!

And now the real difference!! The greatest difference results from the mixture of nationalities. At our hostel you may find students of the following nationalities: Americans, South

Americans, Canadians, Belgians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Hungarians, Lithuanians, Polish, Spanish, Hollanders, Swedish, and Swiss—an excellent argument for the unity of the Church. By coming into daily contact with all of these—well, you have a splendid opportunity of making a study of human nature in the fullest sense of the word.

The fact that the majority of these students are trying to master the English language affords the Americans many a humorous incident. I do not include the English in this. I say the Americans. And the three of us, (there are more here from America, but with divided allegiance: Polish-Americans with their pocket-books in the good o'd U. S. A. and their hearts in Poland) are the apostles of the American language. And right here I could rave on and on. I say the day is not far distant when the language of the U. S. A. will be recognized as a distinct language from that of the English. From slang to the most polished expressions, we differ. I wish I could tell you here what they mean when they say "napkin." On the other hand they have a name for what we call the "napkin,"—well, God shave the King! On the whole the English appear very, very dignified and without a speck of sincerity.

But coming back to the humorous incidents. There is a Hollander here whose entire English vocabulary consists of "Yes, I thank you." His feet are about three times as large as the largest in Collegeville. The other day he came down with a thud on the sore toe of one of the Americans. After the latter had finished counting the stars he said very gently: "Say man, what color tomb-stone do you prefer, black or white?" The Hollander came back with his eternal, "Yes, I thank you."

We (Americans) scandalized the whole crowd by building a basketball court outside; stunned them completely by making a sliding place after nature had provided the material, and had them praying for our conversion when we engaged in a snow-ball fight. What these fellows need is a cannonball to waken them.

We are permitted to speak at table, but really the place would make a respectable place for a dead man to lie in state,—it's so quiet. Save by the "wild Americans," little gossiping is done. Hence I anxiously await each issue of the Cheer for news from St. Joe, and an array of the richest and rarest of American humor. And St. Joe!! Your family skeleton is dug up many, many times! Vivat, Floreat, Crescat. Alma Mater!

With kindest regards and greetings,
I am, Sincerely,

LEO A. GATTES.

There are two kinds of economy—using the left-overs, and not having any.

THE HONOR ROLL

In accordance with promises we are publishing those class averages of the second exam which did not appear in our previous issue. Thanks are due Cornelius Herringhaus, John McDonough, and Michael Walz for assistance given in these computations.

Third Classicals

1. Herman Klocker	94 3-7
2. Paul Reed	90 5-6
3. John Rupel	89 2-5
4. Albert Krill	88 3-7
5. Bernard Pulskamp	87 4-5
6. Raymond Leitshuh	87 2-3
7. Cletus Hipskind	86 3-5
8. Joseph Steckler	86 2-5
9. Joseph Ludwig	86
10. Albert Glueckert	85

General Average 88 2-5

Second Classicals

1. Cornelius Herringhaus	99
2. Frank Denka	98 3-5
3. Charles Ryan	96
4. Charles Magsam	93 4-5
5. William Mitchell	91 4-5
6. Herman Gaul	88
Thomas Noonan	88
7. John Manez	87
8. Francis Matthew	86 2-3
9. Leo Schramer	86 2-5
10. Joseph Hartmann	86 1-6

General Average 91 3-10

First Classicals

1. Leslie Ryan	96 3-5
2. Henry Alig	94 4-5
3. Thomas Medland	93
4. Gregory Wallig	91 4-5
5. Charles Schmidt	91 2-5
6. Michael Walz	91 1-5
7. Louis De Francesco	90 3-5
8. Andrew Monahan	90 2-5
9. William Schmidt	90 1-5
10. Andrew Kobets	90 1-6

General Average 92

Third Commercials

1. John McDonough	81
2. Norbert Hammerle	74
3. Carl Oatman	74

General Average 76 1-3

Second Commercials

1. Edgar Orf	94 2-3
2. Clement Hoeing	92 2-3
3. Austin Warren	81 1-2

General Average 89 2-3

POST-VACATION MUSINGS

(By FRED GAHWOLF, '25)
To St. Joe College we return,
Prepared as e'er to meet the strife,
Prepared to gain a knowledge deep
Of things that aid in later life.

Geometry perhaps we think a branch
That long ago should have been canned;
But still our native tongue we'll hold
Oh English, thou art simply grand.

To me our history is but a dream,
A tale of men now dumb and gory,
A book of deeds and shriveled facts
So oft retold in song and story.

But still let's raise a mighty cheer,
A chorus loud with words of praise,
The God of Wisdom still we'll beg
Our minds and hearts above to raise.

The College Cheer

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Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, Jan. 19, 1924.

EDITORIALS

The New Year

The Old Year is gone. He came to us, as all years come to us, sheltering hope and dreams within his infant wings. The years are the gifts of God. They are ours only in mercy; they come as largess of that love which broods throughout the universe. When the year is young—as he is now—how gladsome his presence! When the year is old, how regrettably we bid him farewell!

Each year brings in his train birth, love, union and death; each year brings victories and failures. Was the past year fruitful for us in good or evil deeds, in achievements or defeats? No matter. It is gone!

But, whatever the Old Year brought us, we should be richer for its memories, for its struggles and its joys, for its good will and its friendships. So, welcome Young Year! We greet you in the hope that peace on earth is nearer than ever before in the history of the race, that good will to men may soon bless the nations, that service may become the universal practice of mankind.

Our student body asks of the New Year such prosperity and happiness as we are worthy to enjoy; we pray that discontent and ill-feeling and all human suffering may be materially lessened, that we all may be better students than we have been before, so that, when the year, now young, goes faltering to his destined place in the silence of the dead past, we may feel only tenderness and gentle regret.

But today is the day of hope and aspiration. We must lend to the Young Year our every effort of faithful co-operation to the end that we may more nearly approach those higher ideals which promise perpetuity of peace and fellowship among men.

The After-While of Vacation

Two weeks have elapsed since Christmas vacation closed. These two weeks have, perhaps, served to arouse us from our dreams of supernal joys experienced during the holidays. "Dreams, dreams, idle dreams," they may become dimmed, but expelled they cannot be.

Parading before our mind's eye are memories of the recent vacation. And

though pleasure is the outcome of this reflection we must keep guard lest these memories elbow present duties, studies, to the background. Christmas vacation has come; it is gone. Enjoyed to the greatest degree, it has passed away, and studies are once more ushered upon the scene.

Just now June seems far, far distant. But it will come, and the more diligently we apply ourselves the more quickly will these five months seem to pass, finally bidding adieu in favor of the "rare day" in June. Until then let's make each day one real period of happiness for our fellow-students, one grand memory for the reflective moments of future years.

A Welcome Smile

It was a very agreeable surprise to find our devoted professor, Father Sylvester, at college upon our return. His absence in the class-room is greatly felt, and we are delighted to learn that his forced stay in the hospital is ended. Though Father Sylvester will perhaps be unable to teach again this year we enjoyed his brief visit here, and the students' prayers attend him upon his Southern sojourn that his convalescence may be speedy and complete.

The Reward of Painstaking Labor

Of recent appearance in the realm of Catholic prayer-books is the masterly composition of our professor, Father Nicholas H. Greiwe, C.P.P.S. Reflecting singular merits in choice of prayers, especially in devotions to the Most Precious Blood, this Daily Manual is an enduring monument to the great zeal and labor of its author. The "Cheer" takes unusual pleasure in tendering congratulations to this professor upon the distinction he has so deservedly merited through the compilation of this his latest offering, "The Daily Manual."

Rivalry At The Boarding-School

The greatest impelling spirit, perhaps, of student-life, is the spirit of rivalry. Rivalry asserts itself in the class-room, on the basketball court, and in athletic circles generally. It is this force which incites the student to struggle ever onward towards the acme of a certain activity, be it studies or athletics.

Truth, confirmed by ages of experience, marks that time-honored expression, "There are two sides to every question"; so it is that rivalry, in perfect accord, diffuses benefits and disadvantages promiscuously. Desirable results, however, seem to dominate.

The "Cheer" sponsors rivalry to no mean degree in its practice of publishing examination averages. Naturally, as in all innovations, some heartily commend while others play the role of the chronic "knocker." Though this latter class of individuals is interest-

ing, it undoubtedly does not expect its opinions to seriously affect the equilibrium of college life.

Predominant among the motives which prompt us to compute and to announce the ten highest averages of each class is the desire to foster greater zeal in studies. Then, too, the purpose and duty of the "Cheer" is in this manner more nearly realized. For that purpose is none other than to be a true organ of all student activities. Founded primarily as an athletic publication, the "Cheer" seeks ever to maintain this form of activity in the foreground. In so doing, however, the prime purpose of a college training, education, is not to be relegated into oblivion.

Some consequences of rivalry, upon first thought apparently undesirable, assume a far different aspect upon due reflection. That rivalry is at times really attended with feelings of ill-will, even animosity, is not gainsaid. The very nature of the practice evidences this. But are these results, viewed broad-mindedly, actually disparaging? The spirit of emulation, latent in every individual, is aroused to the keenest alertness by the very character of ordinary ambition. That this emulation is frequently the cause of ill-will has been granted. And because of this very result rivalry offers to the student a wonderful opportunity to strive for that coveted attainment, the attainment of self-control. The student who indulges in the interesting fray of rivalry without relinquishing self-command has gained one great characteristic of the winner in the battle of life.

Interesting History

It may not be generally known that a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most famous of American novelists, is a member of the Dominican Community of the Third Order, in New York City, where she is known as Mother Mary Alphousa. Though she is over seventy years of age she is still devoting herself to the care of the poor who are cancer-stricken, and to aid that work a new edition of her book, "Memories of Hawthorne," has been produced. Rose Hawthorne, (as Hawthorne's daughter was christened), married George Parsons Bathrop, a Unitarian, who with his wife became a Catholic in 1891, twenty years after their marriage. She was inspired by something written by her father to take up the noble work of assisting the helpless.—Catholic Columbian.

A boy's idea of a lucky family is one that lives on the top floor across the street from a world series ball park.

Jeffers: "I heard that Moynahan burnt a hole in his pants."

Calpin: "Did he carry any insurance?"

Jeff: "No! His coat tail covered the loss."

HIRAM RECEIVES A THRILL

Collegeville, Ind.

Dear Paw:

Wal theres jest 20 five minits between me and dinner so I gess I will write to u. I got back o. k. Monday nite. The trane was on time all around. I rode the pullman car, paw, an believe me, them sure are sum cars. Why all u got 2 do is ring a button an a porter comes and gets u anything u want, jes like in the movies. An theres places 2 sleep an eat an write and smoke. Them men that takes up the tikits must be smart caus they got there degrees rite on their coats in gold letters. I don't know what Universaty gave them but it must hev been Yale caus the coates wuz blue. This one feller had on his P. C. C. & St. L. R. R., our perfessers here aint got that many letters behind their names. Why sum of em have Ph.D. and A.B. but none of em got the P. C. C. & St. L. R. R. They call these men conductors an I ges they own these pullman cars caus the one i rid on had his name on the side of it in big letters. An sum of them conducters have sum names.

About noon the porter what worked in the car come thru an sez "diner attached at Richmond." That sure was tuff luck that the sheriff had 2 attach the diner but i ges the cook must hev tried 2 beat sum groceryman out of his bill. Well anyway I wasnt very hungry so I didnt care that the sheriff attached the old car.

When we was a walkin thru the unun stashun at indianapolis some gie sez "lookit the raw raw boys," us colledgers sure do make sum peepul jealous. They must be an awful lot of criminals in that town, why in that shtashun everybody you seen had a policeman's cap on, some of em was blue an some red. These cops was

taken the peepul and there bags just as they got off.

I went to a show at indianapolis, it said on the outside F. B. Keiths now I been a hearin so mutch about this Keiths that I thought I might as well go an see him perform but gee whiz they wasnt nobody by the name of Keith on the program. That feller in the tikit offis thot he wuz cute he sez "Box or log" I sez I want 2 set on a seat net on a box or a log. Well we finely got to our seats down in the second row but walkin on them carpets wuz jes like walkin in a clover field it wuz so soft.

Wal 2 make a long tale short we got here at 7 o'clock an I took the buzz out to school an bleive me that waggon sure does buzz jes like an ole rip saw. Nothin mutch to say about the place exsept sum of the fellers are a getting there hare cut well night off an bleive me paw sum of them gies have the durndest shaped heads ever u saw. Wal u neednt fear, Hiram think more of the family than 2 hev his hare cut off like that an show his head.

I ges I will close fer this time now tell maw to write an u also take the hint.

I remane
Like Always
HIRAM.

Did you see Abe Stock wave that pink missal of Al Lucke's—Talk about lucky guys—Alphonse takes the cookie and brass-bound cuspidor for being the unrivaled senior "Sheik."

New Barber Shop
UNDER PALACE THEATRE
Hair Cutting a Specialty
Shave 15c Hair Cut 35c
W. L. THOMPSON

Furnishings
Toilet Goods

Supply Your Needs At

Candies, Cookies
and Eats at our
Grocery.**Murray's**
DEPARTMENT STOREFlorsheim Shoes
Coopers Underwear
Hart Schaffner
and Marx Clothes

The Best Quality at
The Right Price

:-:

THE CLOTHING HOUSE OF
WILLIAM TRAUB

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : : :
: : COLUMBIA SHOE STORE

HOTEL MAKEEVER
A Home Away From Home

Thomas M. Callahan
The Place to Buy your
COAL

DR. CATT
Optometrist
Eyes Examined and Glasses Fitted.
Office over Long's Drug Store

A. F. LONG & SON
Druggists and Stationers
Cameras and Films
Ice Cream and Sodas
Phone 53

O'RILEY'S
THE PLACE OF SWEETS
Cookies — Cakes — Rolls

WARNER BROS.
HARDWARE

Go where your friends go- to
THE COLLEGE INN

Where Quality and Service count

FOLLOWING THE PENNANT CHASERS

(By S. J. SEE)

During the coming week the lids will be pried off the Senior, Junior, and Midget Leagues. From all indications the race in every league will be a close one and S. J. See plans to keep in intimate touch with the battles. So watch this column for the latest, and if you have anything to say we will welcome it.

In the Senior League Phil Rose is managing the Seniors and Art Froehle is the newly elected pilot of the Southsiders. Rose says, "The Seniors will be there, and by the way, did you see that game last Saturday?"

"Fat" Buckley, the rotund lad from Youngstown, is again at the manager's post on the Fourth Class outfit and he says "Look out for us."

The Third Class team has Joe Ludwig directing the team from the gallery and "Gallopin' Dan" Costello bossing things on the floor. Bill Greter and "Whitey" Riedy hold the reins of the Sophomore quintet.

In the Junior League the managers are as follows: Harry Estadt, Ray Dirrig, Andy Monahan, Fritz Gahwolf, Ig. Murphy and Paul Galligher. The captains have not been elected as we go to press. Interest is beginning to simmer in this circuit and before the initial game the league will be fairly boiling over with enthusiasm.

Leo Dirrig, Bill Mitchell, Paul Hummel, Bob Romweber, and Paddy Ryan are the managers in the Midget League.

S. J. See wishes every player in the various leagues success, and he hopes that the season will be characterized by some real playing and above all by clean playing. May the best teams win.

At the end of the season S. J. See

will pick an "All" team from every league. These teams will consist of men who in the opinions of the various referees and others the competent judges were the best all round players of the league. Both offensive and defensive ability will be considered together with clean and sportsman-like conduct. "So let's go."

Do You Remember Way Back When—

Freddie Wellman starred for St. Joe?

There were four exams a year?

Phil Rose was fat?

Russel Scheidler was quiet and retiring?

There was no sugar on the tables?

St. Joe beat I. A. C.'s, 26-25?

There were private rooms?

Bastin got that 100 in French?

Christmas vacation began?

We had an Easter vacation?

Teacher: "This is a statue of Minerva, children."

Small Girl: "Was Minerva married, Miss?"

Teacher: "No, Minerva was the goddess of wisdom."

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

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BRISK BREEZES

Happy New Year, Fellows.

* * *

The most perplexing question on every tongue at St. Joe is, "Who is Collegeville Joe?" You may see his name in the Chicago Tribune almost every week, ably assisting Harvey Woodruff.

* * *

After a two weeks' sojourn at Kouts, Ind., visiting James Lauer, Joseph Gunderman of New York City is becoming gradually acclimated to the moods and manners of Mr. Lauer, namely—a regular two fisted-wearer of blue overalls. How much hay did you shovel, Red?

* * *

Ray Dirrig, Bob Metz, Vinc Jordan, Paul Buckley, and several others were treated great by Santa Claus this year. All of them strutting new corduroy trousers—gettin' to be real tea room cow-boys.

* * *

A Play In Two Acts

ACT 1

Time—Anytime.

Characters—Pete and Jim.

Place—St. Joe.

Pete speaks—"I hope to pass all my exams—it'll make the folks feel good."

Jim (Latin Student)—"Similis."

ACT 2

Time—After exams.

Same Characters.

Place—Ditto.

Pete again speaks—"Talk about get-

ting the raw end of the deal—my gosh—my Prof in Philosophy shoved me that fifty when my paper was worth 63 3-4—I figured it out myself."

Jim (An English Student)—"Likewise."

His Alibi

Mose Sampson had been arrested for helping himself illegally to a white neighbor's Wyandottes.

"Guilty or not guilty?" demanded the judge.

"Not guilty, suh," answered the prisoner promptly.

"Have you an alibi?"

"Al—al—says which, suh?"

"You heard me! Have you an alibi?"

"Oho! Yassuh! Didn' onnerstan' yo' at fust. Yo' means de alley by which ah' 'scaped wid dem chickens?"—Success Magazine.

A Naval Hero

Two days before the captain of the Italian Liner President Wilson reached New York, he received news by wireless that beer was excluded from the list of admissible goods, and that he would have to get rid of his whole liquid cargo.

He wirelessly in reply: "Doing what we can. One thousand passengers drinking as fast as they are able. Hope to arrive in condition to comply with the law."

Will America bestow a congressional medal on this worthy citizen?

The rag-picker can really say his business is picking up.

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HUMORING THE HUMORISTS

Gooley—"I think I'll go and eat, it's time."

Vince Jordan—"I think I'll eat myself."

Barney—"Oh, you little cannibal."

Bob Metz—"Say Buck, did you ever sit in the dog's seat at a show?"

Paul B.—"I'll bite, what is it?"

Bob—"K-Nine."

Lucke—"You know at home we have seventy-four keys, and not a one of them will fit a lock."

Quinlisk—"If they don't fit, why not throw them away?"

Lucke—"Oh, we need them to play the piano."

Koors—"Did you see Hoffman tip off?"

Brenner—"No. Is he dead?"

Prof.—"Young man, you have spent three months at football, and what have you for your pains?"

Beckman—"Liniment."

Red Lyon was reading a breezy romance in the club and Mack DeShone was pulling Walter's hair (that is, what is left of those gleaming locks)

ASK ME! ASK ME!

The editor of this column will endeavor to answer any question concerning any sport from Mah-Jong to Cricket—any puzzling question that arises send it to the "Cheer" and we will answer it in an early issue.

when the red head said: "Boy, I'll only give you ten to snap out of here, or it's your neck."

Mac—"Show me the money."

Bright Guy—"What is the difference between a school teacher, an engineer, and a lemon squeezer?"

Yusas—"I don't know."

Bright Guy—"The teacher trains the mind, the engineer minds the train."

Yusas—"Say, boy, what about that lemon squeezer?"

Bright Guy—"That's where all suckers bite."

Prof. in Chem.—"What happens to hydrogen iodide when it is put in water?"

Stude—"It gets wet."

Basso—"So you don't believe Santa Claus drives his reindeers over the snow?"

McCabe—"No, sir."

Basso—"You're from Missouri, eh?"

McCabe—"No, sir, Florida."

A Trilogy

TEACHER

"O poetry, the gift sublime,
"The soul's most soothing balm in rhyme!"

"Now, boys, pour your heart in verse,
"Apply the rules and make it terse."

TEMPTING SPIRIT

"Invade not! Mortal dust and pride,
"Olympic realms where Muses hide
"That sing ecstatic hymns of love,
"Creations charms to gods above."

STUDENT

"Dear Muse, oh, teach me poetry,
"In sweetest numbers sing to me;
"Could I thy song but imitate,
"It cannot be, what dire fate!"

TEACHER

"You speak in terms of idleness,
"Apply your time, your mind no less;
"Your sense of rhythm cannot fail;
"To wait for years will naught avail!"

STUDENT

"In agony of mind and heart
"And grief of soul at length I start;
"Twas not so hard as first I thought;
"Five stanzas have the Muses brought."

—P. D.

The Song of the Sixths

Happy New Year,

To you all.

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